

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

GE

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

10044-409
SEPTEMBER



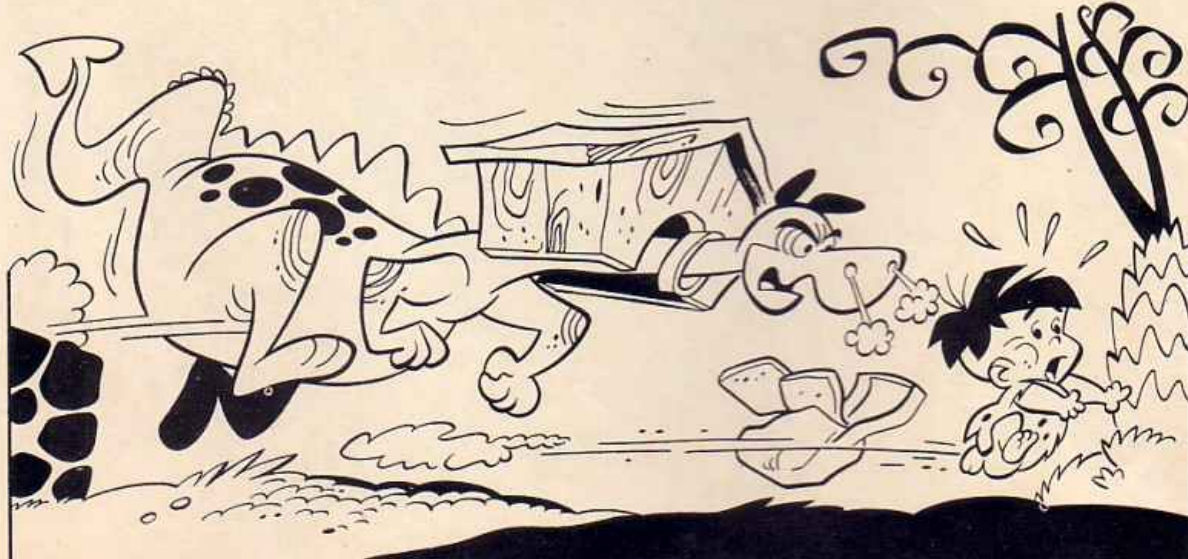
CAVE #2 KIDS

BEWARE OF DOG

UG
MAGAZINE

HUMPH! WHO'S AFRAID OF A LITTLE CRITTER LIKE HIM!

WHUPS!



CAVE KIDS

MIND MEDDLERS

MMM... I'D SURE LIKE TO SINK MY TEETH INTO THAT APPLE!

YUMMY! THOSE PEARS LOOK DELISH!

HMM...

SO YOU'D LIKE TO EAT SOME OF THE FRUIT IN MY GARDEN, EH?

HUH?! Y-YOU READ OUR MINDS!

YES, BUT DON'T BE ALARMED! YOU MAY COME INTO MY GARDEN AND EAT ALL YOU WANT! HEH, HEH!

OH, BOY!

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

THERE'S JUST **ONE** RESTRICTION...

DON'T EAT ANY FRUIT FROM **THE-TREE-OF-THE-KNOWLEDGE-OF-MEN'S-MINDS** WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!



ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR!

AND ALL GOES WELL FOR A SPELL, UNTIL...

SAY, THIS IS THE TABOO TREE!

HUMPH! I CAN'T SEE **WHY** WE'D BE SORRY IF WE ATE FROM IT!

NO MUNCHIN'!

THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF MEN'S MINDS.

IN FACT, I IMAGINE WE'LL BE ABLE TO READ MEN'S MINDS IF WE EAT FROM IT!

JUST LIKE THE **OWNER** OF THIS GARDEN!

OH, BOY! LET ME AT IT!

DON'T PUSH!

IT DOESN'T **TASTE** SO SPECIAL!

BOY! SANDY'S GOT THE BIGGEST MOUTH ALIVE...

SLUP!
GULP!

WHATTA YA MEAN, I'VE GOT A **BIG MOUTH**?!

SANDY... YOU JUST **READ MY MIND**!



STINGY!

EKK! S-SOMETHING
REAL W-WEIRDO IS
GOIN' ON!

ZOOM!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT'S
A SAD THING TO BE ABLE TO
READ YOUR FRIENDS' MINDS!

ESPECIALLY HIS!

MAYBE
WE'LL DO
BETTER
AMONG
STRANGERS!

LET'S SEE
WHAT THAT
MAN HAS
ON HIS
MIND...

CAFE

BANK OF
BEDROCK

I'LL WAIT TILL CLOSING TIME, THEN
I'LL GO IN AND ROB THE BANK!
HAR-HAR-HAR!

OH, MY!

YIKES!

HE'S A BANK
ROBBER...
WHAT'LL
WE DO?

YOU TELL THE
BANK PEOPLE...
I'LL TELL THE
POLICE!

BUT...

SO YOU *READ*
THE BANK
ROBBER'S *MIND*.
EH, SONNY?
HO-HO-HO!





NOBODY CALLS *HANK THE BANKER* NAMES LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

OW!

BOP!

NOBODY BOPS *BENNY THE BOXER* LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

WOWIE! WHAT A BLOW!

BLOW!

YOU KNOCKED OUT THE *BANK ROBBER!*

BANK ROBBER? SAY... HE DOES HAVE A GUN!

POLICE!

IT'S *HANK THE BANKER!* WHOEVER CAPTURED HIM GETS A REWARD!

YAY!

YOU CAN GIVE IT TO *US!* WE BROUGHT ABOUT HIS KNOCKOUT...

HUH?



YOU KIDS HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! I DID IT ALL!

THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER... I SAW THE WHOLE THING!

HE SURE DID!



OH, WHAT'S THE USE? COME ON, SALLY!



AHA! YOU'RE PAYING THE PRICE FOR DISOBEDIENCE!

YES, SIR! WE CAN'T DO **WRONG** AND EXPECT **GOOD** TO COME OF IT!

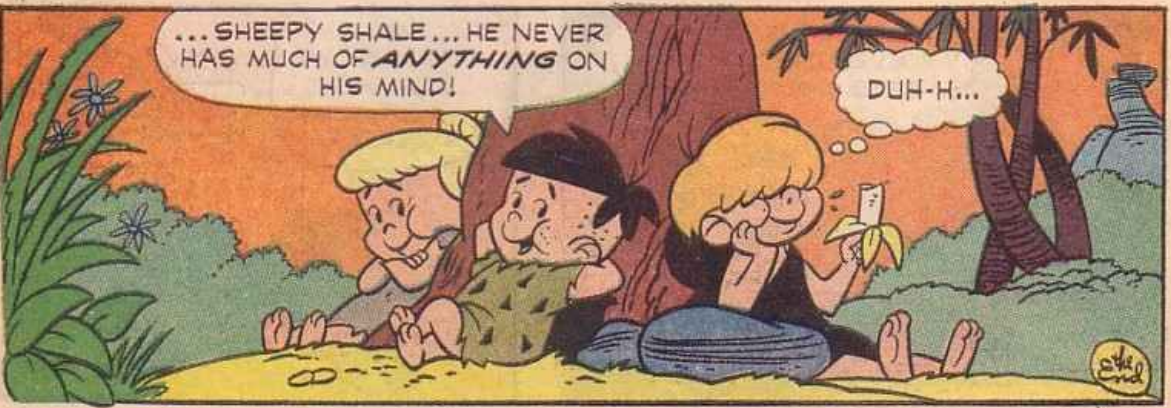


BUT CHEER UP! YOUR POWER TO READ MINDS WILL WEAR OFF BY TONIGHT!

YAY! THAT'S GOOD NEWS!



AND IN THE MEANTIME, I KNOW A GOOD GUY TO HANG AROUND...



... SHEEPY SHALE ... HE NEVER HAS MUCH OF **ANYTHING** ON HIS MIND!

DUH-H...

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

SMALL WONDER WE HAVE NIGHTMARES WITH ALL THE TRAFFIC WE GET THROUGH OUR CAVE!

WHY DOES EVERY TOM, DICK AND DINOSAUR HAVE TO ROAR THROUGH HERE?

AWWWW!



'CAUSE IT'S A GOOD SHORT CUT FROM MAIN STREET DOWN TO QUARRY ROAD!

YOU KNOW WHAT WE NEED, MEN?

YES! A NEW CAVE...

...ONE THAT'S A DEAD END!



SO BRIGHT AND EARLY
THE NEXT MORNING...

SINCE THE MILKMAN WOKE US,
LET'S GET AN EARLY START
HUNTING FOR A NEW CAVE!



THERE'S A DANDY OUT-OF-THE-
WAY CAVE YONDER!

LET'S GO!



BUT... OOPS! EXCUSE US! WE DIDN'T
KNOW THIS CAVE WAS OCCUPIED!

INVADED IS
MORE LIKE IT!



AND VACANT
CAVES PROVE TO
BE SCARCER
THAN DINOSAUR
DIMPLES...

WE'RE FILLED UP!

UPSTRETCHED
ARMS
APARTMENTS

SEEMS TO BE
A CAVE
SHORTAGE!

SCAT!

GRR!



IT'S NO USE!

LET'S GO BACK
AND BE CONTENT
WITH OUR OLD
CAVE!

OH, NO... LOOK
AT IT...



... NEW HOME OF THE
BUMPASAUROS BUS DEPOT

IT'S BECOME A
BUS DEPOT!

VOOM!

WE'RE
COMPLETELY
**CAVE-
LESS!**

DISASTROPHOBIA!

NOW WE'RE
**REALLY
DESPERATE!**

ANY OL' HOLE-IN-A-
MOUNT WILL DO!

HMM... I
WONDER...

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE *CRATER* OF
MT. NOGO, THE *INACTIVE VOLCANO!*

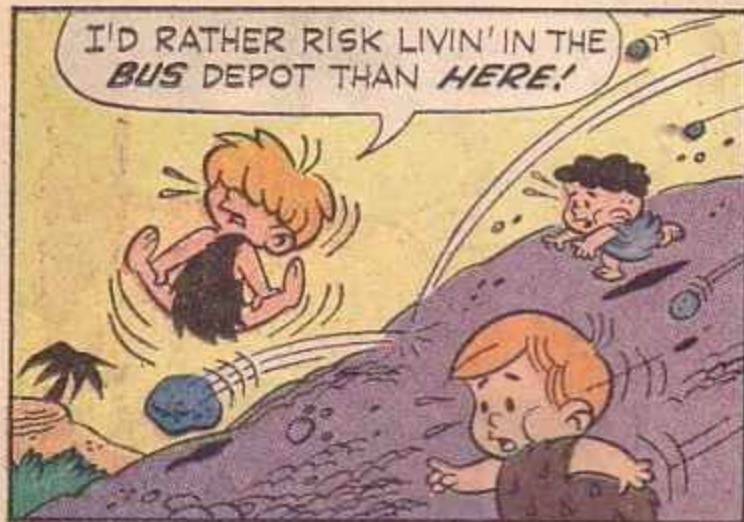
WHY NOT? A *CRATER* IS JUST
A CAVE *UP ON END!*

I'LL BET NOBODY ELSE
EVER THOUGHT OF SETTIN'
UP CAVE-KEEPIN' IN
A CRATER!

EEEK!!
SUDDENLY THE
OLD VOLCANO IS
REVIVING!

IT'S R-RAINING
BRIMSTONE!

HALP!





AND SHORTLY...

NO MORE ROCKS!

BUT NOW HE'S WEeping!

BOO-HOO-HOOIE!

STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!

SHAME ON YOU, BOYS! YOU'LL CAUSE THAT TIMID-O-SAURUS TO HAVE A MENTAL CRACK-UP!

TIMID-O-SAURUS?

YES! THEY'RE TERRIBLY TIMID CREATURES WHO MAKE EXCELLENT PETS ONCE YOU BEFRIEND THEM!

HEY! LET'S BE HIS FRIEND AND MOVE IN WITH HIM!

THINK WHAT A SWELL INTRUDER-CHASER HE'LL BE!

NICE BOY!

ANYBODY WHO SETS FOOT ON THIS MOUNTAIN WILL AUTOMATICALLY SET OFF OUR ...HEH... "VOLCANO"!

So...

THIS IS ALL FINE EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...

WHEN AN INTRUDER COMES AROUND...

...THAT TIMID-O-SAURUS ISN'T VERY CAREFUL ABOUT *WHAT* HE HEAVES OUT!



NOT SO DUMB DADDY



Augie's Daddy was standing on the porch as he looked over his large lawn. His back began to ache just thinking of all the work.

"My lawn is in sad shape," sighed Doggie Daddy. "The weeds have taken over. I'll have to dig up the whole lawn and start over. And if there's one thing I don't dig, it's digging!" he snorted in disgust.

Doggie Daddy walked into the house to put on his work clothes, thinking he'd at least have Augie to help him with the job.

But Augie came dashing down the stairs in something far different from work clothes. He was wearing his baseball uniform.

"So long, Precious Pop," yelled Augie. "I have to get to baseball practice. I'm late already."

"Wait a minute!" yelled his Daddy. But it was too late... Augie had already gone.

"Bah! I realize baseball and recreation are good for a growing boy. But digging up the lawn would give him exercise and be good for growing grass. I guess I'll just have to do it myself," grumbled Doggie Daddy.

A half hour later, Augie's Daddy was busy toiling in the hot sun, digging up weeds, when Augie came sadly into the yard. He was followed by his baseball buddies.

"What's the matter, saddest of all sons?" asked Augie's Doggie Daddy.

"Our team has been practicing on a vacant lot to get ready for a championship game. And now the man who owns the lot says we can't play there anymore," moaned Augie.

"That's too bad," agreed his Daddy, "but now you can stay home and help me get this lawn into good shape for replanting."

"Dad of Dads, how can you think of the lawn at a time like this?" wailed Augie.

"You don't understand, sir," Billy Beagle spoke up. "We invested all kinds of money in new equipment... bats, balls, uniforms, and these spiked shoes for the big game. Now we will surely lose because we don't have anywhere to practice," he sighed.

Doggie Daddy took a long look at Billy's shoes and noticed that all the other boys were wearing the same kind.

"Fellows, you can practice right here in my yard. I'll even umpire for you!" offered Doggie Daddy with a generous smile.

"Hooray for Precious Pop," cried Augie.

And so, for the next few days the whole team practiced in Augie's yard. They ran around bases. They slid into home plate. They jumped up and down in the outfield to catch flies. And each time the boys' shoes dug into the dirt, a little more earth was loosened and a few more weeds came out of the ground — not to speak of grass.

That weekend, Doggie Daddy went to the big game. Of course, Augie's team won!

On the way home from the game, Augie patted his dad on the back. "Thank you, dear Daddy, for letting our team use your lawn to practice on. You were very generous to postpone all your garden work just for us!"

"Thanks for the compliment, grateful son," replied Doggie Daddy. "But you boys actually did me the favor!"

They had arrived home, and Augie noticed for the first time that the lawn looked as though it were all dug up.

"You boys and your spiked shoes did that," explained Doggie Daddy. "All I had to do was rake up the loosened weeds and grass. And now it's all ready for replanting, sharp-footed son of mine," his Daddy said.

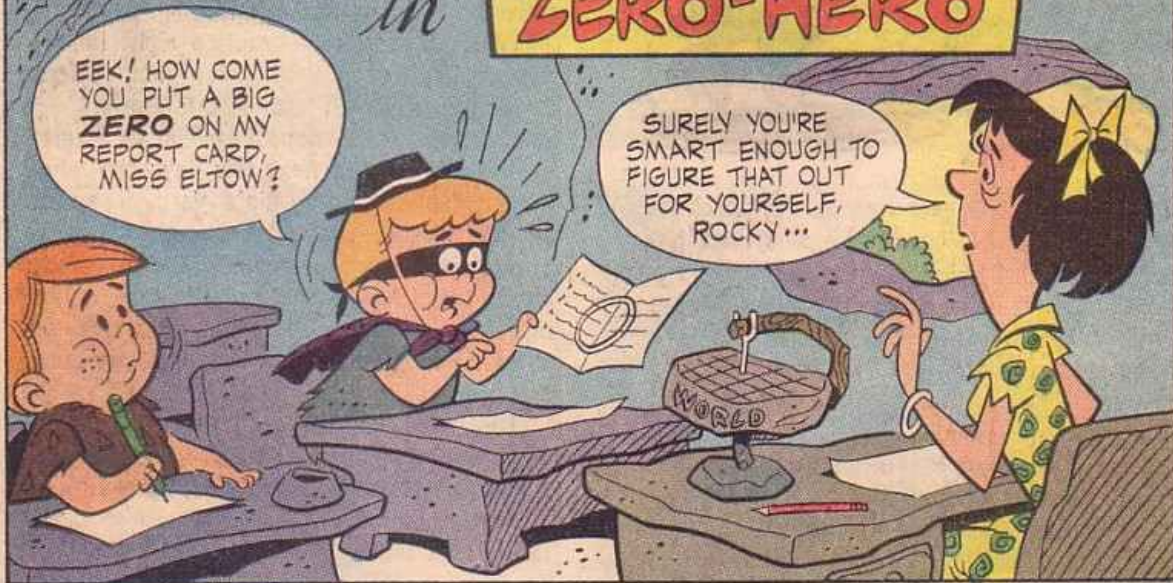


Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

in

ZERO-HERO





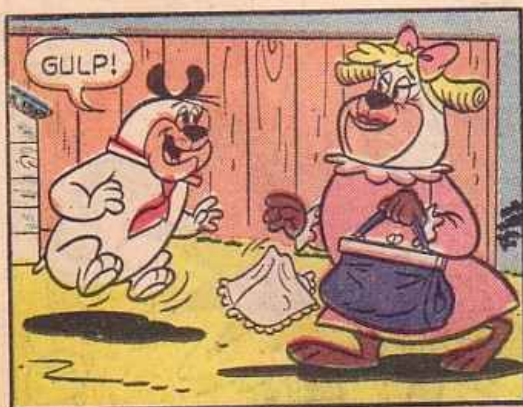


**FUMBLE
CRASH!**





The FOXY DISGUISE





WHAM!



YOU SEE, I'M NOT REALLY A BULLDOG!

EEEK!
FIBBER
FOX!

THESE THINGS
COME IN HANDY
SOMETIMES!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS!

NOW BACK HOME
FOR A DANDY
DUCK DINNER!

WOW! WHAT A KISS
THAT LULU GIVES! I
FEEL LIKE I WAS HIT
OVER THE HEAD
WITH A FRYING PAN!

LULU!!

CHOPPER!

I DON'T HAVE TIME
TO CHAT! I MUST
RUSH HOME!

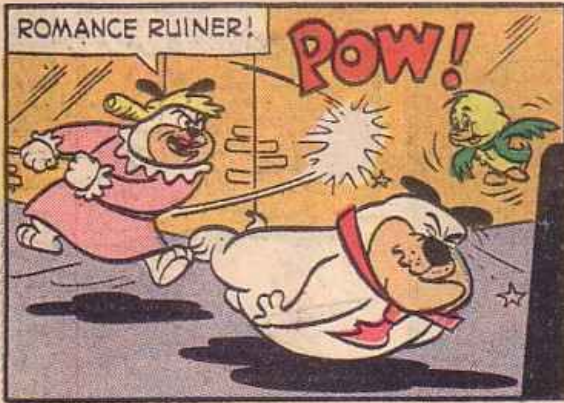
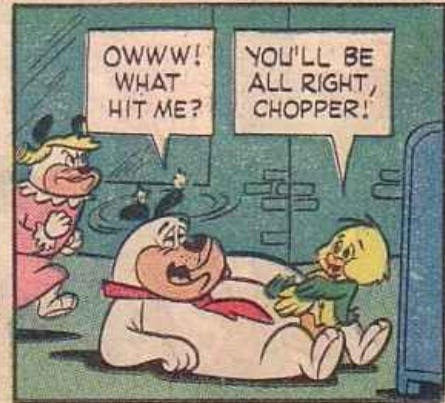
I'LL CARRY
YOUR PURSE
FOR YOU!

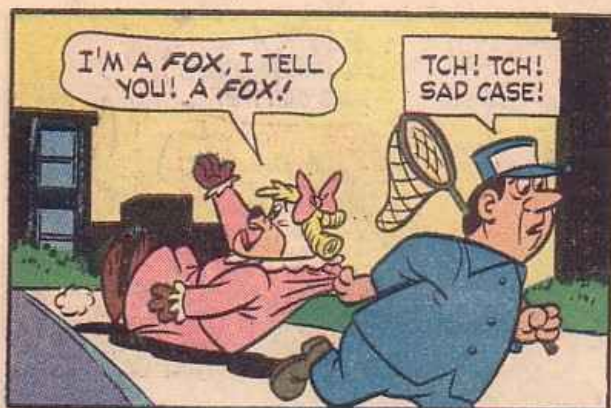
NO! NO!

OH, BUT I
INSIST!

AFTER THE KISS SHE
GAVE ME FOR CARRYING
HER HANKY, JUST THINK
OF THE KISS I'LL GET
FOR CARRYING HER
PURSE!







Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

and the

THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS

PLEASE,
MR. ZOO
CATCHER...

WON'T YOU
HIRE US...

NO! NO! NO!
STOP PESTERING ME!

TO CATCH
WILD
CRITTERS
...PLEASE!

ZOO



TO THE
RESCUE, MEN!



THERE! THANKS TO US,
YOU ONLY LOST YOUR
TOENAIL POLISH!



...PLUS TEN YEARS OFF MY
LIFE DUE TO NERVOUS
DISCOMBOOPERATION!







SO OUR FRIENDS GO THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS HUNTING...





AND SO... I KNOW WE DESERVED A PADDLING... BUT NOT FROM ALL TWENTY-FIVE PASSENGERS! WOW!

WELL, LET'S NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!



I'M GONNA ASK THIS MAN IF HE'S SEEN A THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESORUS...

ROUTE 1



YES... THERE'S ONE JUST BEYOND THE WOODS!

THANK YOU, SIR!



WALK CAREFULLY AND CARRY A COCKED CLUB!



HUH? ALL I SEE IS THAT FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE BEASTIE OVER YONDER!

HE'S NOT EVEN THREE FEET LONG!



SNORT!

OH-OH! I KNOW WHERE OUR THOUSAND-FOOTER IS NOW!



THESE FOUR BIG GREY JOBS MUST BE HIS LEGS, AND THE REST OF HIM IS UP ABOVE THE TREETOPS OUT OF SIGHT!

SNORT!

EEEK! WE CAN'T BASH HIM ON THE HEAD WITHOUT A LADDER!

THEN LET'S BRING HIS HEAD DOWN TO OUR LEVEL...

LET'S SMACK HIM ON THE SHINS TILL HE FALLS DOWN!



UGH! IF THAT HURT HIM AS MUCH AS IT DID ME, WE'RE WINNING!

LIGH! SAME HERE!

FONK!

KEEP AT IT!

TAKE THAT...

BONK!
BONG!
BASH!
...AND THAT!

I S-SURRENDER!

ME, TOO! I C-CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SWING!

WHEW! AND THE THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS DIDNT EVEN FLINCH!



AH-HA-HA-HA!
THIS IS RICH!

HUH? MR. ZOO CATCHER!

WHAT A JOKE! I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT A THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS...THEY'RE SO RARE!

HEE-HAW!
OH-HO-HO!
HAR!

WELL...WHAT ABOUT 'EM?





THAT'S ONE *THERE!* IT'S CALLED A *THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS* BECAUSE IT'S SO FLEET OF FOOT THAT NO ONE CAN GET ANY *CLOSER* TO IT THAN A *THOUSAND FEET!*

THEN *WHOSE* BIG SHINS HAVE WE BEEN WARRING AGAINST?



SHINS, MY FOOT! HA, HA! THOSE ARE JUST SOME FUNNY OLD TREES! HA, HA!

HE'S RIGHT! LOOK AT THE SAP RUNNING OUT!



B-BUT IF THESE LEGS ARE ONLY *TREES*... SINCE WHEN DO *TREES* SNORT?



SNORT!

DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?



(SIGH!) WELL, LET'S GIVE UP AND GO HOME!



COME ON, SHEEPLY!

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLERS... I'M PLAYING WITH THIS *SAP!*

PAT!
PAT!



IT'S NOT LIKE OTHER SAPS I KNOW... IT'S *BOUNCY!*

HEH! IT'S JUST ABOUT AS BOUNCY AS THAT LITTLE OL' THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS!

HMM... YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, SHEEPY!

LET'S GET LOTS MORE OF THIS BOUNCY SORTA STUFF!

AND SHORTLY...

OH, MR. ZOO CATCHER... PAY US! WE CAUGHT THAT THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS!

HUH? IMPOSSIBLE!

NOPE! IT WAS EASY, THANKS TO A NEW DISCOVERY WE MADE...

WITH THIS *BOUNCY SAP* MOLDED AROUND OUR FEET, EVEN A FRISKY FELLA LIKE THE THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS COULDN'T ESCAPE US!

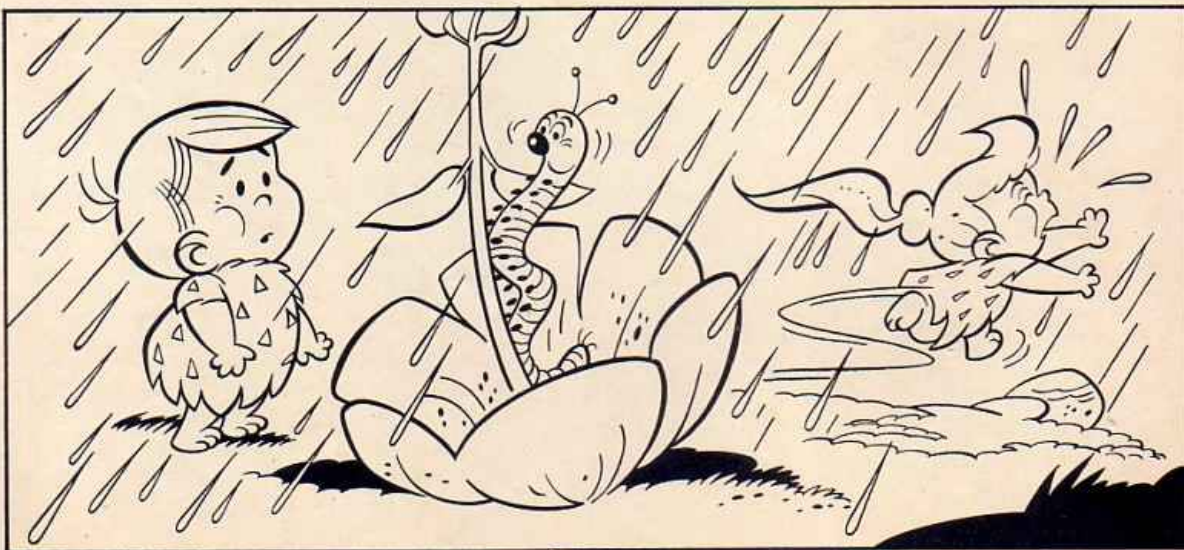
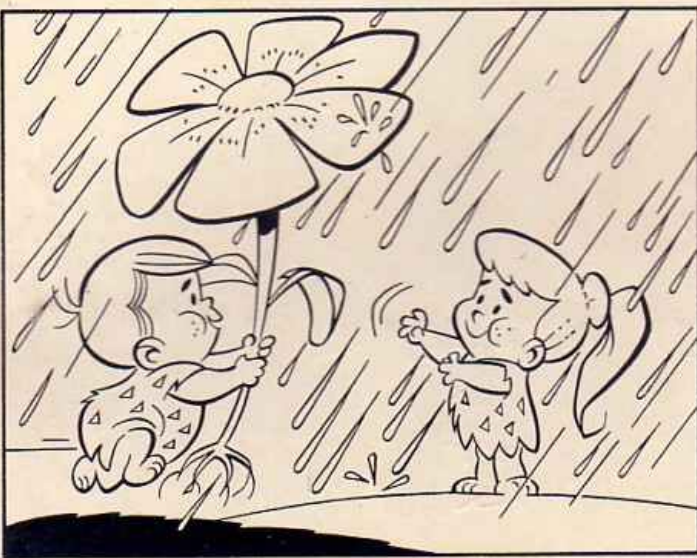
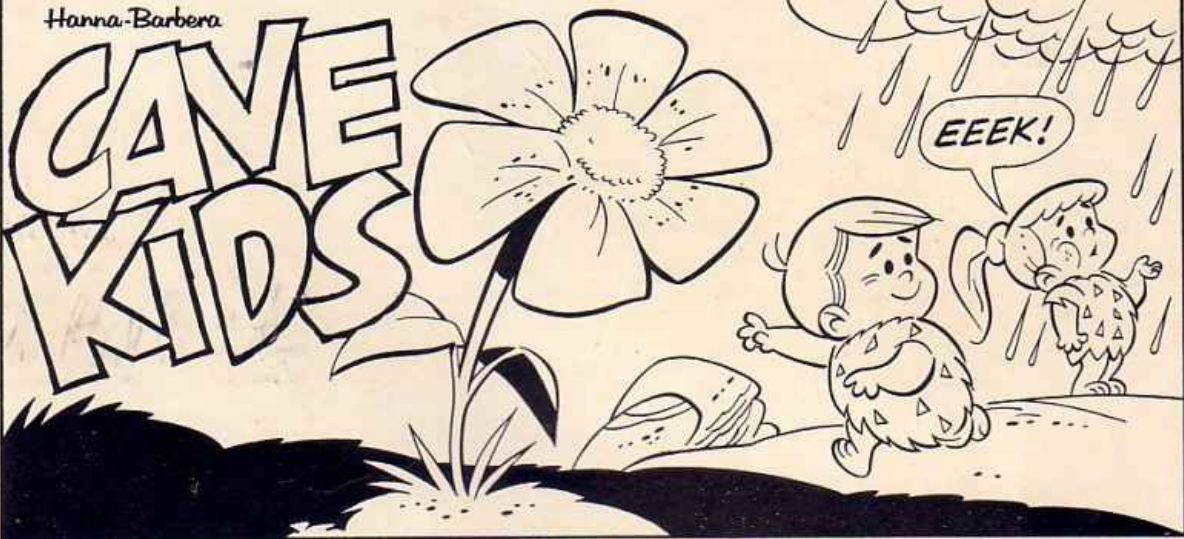
LET'S CALL THE STUFF *RUBBER!*

AND LET'S CALL OUR FOOTWEAR *TENNIS SHOES!*

ZOO

End

CAVE KIDS



**GOLD
KEY
KEY**

**GOLD
KEY
COMIC
PIX**

SET NUMBER 2



**TOP
CAT**

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**HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND**

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WILMA FLINTSTONE



**YOGI
BEAR**



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**CAVE
KIDS**



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GEORGE JETSON



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**PEBBLES
FLINTSTONE**



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**FRED
FLINTSTONE**



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